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## Four o' Clock



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### Chapter 1 by nightmaredollalice

I just don't know what went wrong.

I thought they enjoyed the humor, the jokes, the harmless pranks every now and then. They said I added spark to heaven. I thought they loved me. So then, why...

Why did she try to kill me?

If I had had any strength left in me, I would've punched my fist into the snow. But my strength is gone now.

She tried to *kill* me. I can't get over that. My own caretaker, she tried to kill me!

I drag my feet through the freezing snow, leaving a trail of blood in my path. So what if I turn the white landscape red? This isn't my world. I don't care.

My heavy injuries are starting to catch up to me, but I have to keep going. There has to be a way back.

I fall to my knees and let the snow fall around me. It's a struggle to keep my eyes open. I attempt to catch my breath, but with no luck. See more of Story Wars in the atmosphere, the weather, everything. This isn't heaven.

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I open my eyes as much as I can manage, and I can see a thin band of light through my eyelids. I can't see anything but snow, the night sky, and...what's a flower doing here?

I rub my eyes and look again. I can see it more clearly now - a small white flower, surrounded by the blizzard. It's called a "four o'clock," if I'm remembering correctly. I crawl on my hands and knees towards the plant. I'm a pitiful sight, I'm sure.

I sit by the flower. How is it alive? Do human plants normally perform miracles like this? I never paid much attention to my studies. I can't remember. It seems absurd.

I cup the flower in my hands. My celestial blood stains the petals a deep shade of red. I stare into the flower's center.

"W-why..." My voice is weak and shaky. It's no longer the sweet, angelic voice with the spark of life it had before. And I'm talking to a flower, of all things!

I'm mad at it. It doesn't belong in this tundra, yet here it stands, beautiful and proud. Why does it get to be so gorgeous away from its home? It's not fair. I'm bloody and broken, and worst of all, without my wings or a place to call my own.

I move my hands to above the flower and let my blood drip into the petals. As the crimson substance pools in the plant's center, the reality starts to sink in.

I really was kicked out. I'm not an angel anymore.

I can't shake my head to erase the thought. It sounds so gross and so wrong, and yet, it's true. In heaven one day, and out the next. I start to cry.

I just want to go home, but I know I can never go back. Even if I had a way there, they'd never let me through the gates again. My wings were cut off, all six of them - the mark given to an outcast.

I still don't know why they hate me. Why *she* hates me.

The words start swirling around in my head. Disappointment. Rejected. Disgusting. Not worth their trouble anymore. My tears fall.

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"Why was I not good enough?"

I fell to my side and into the thick snow, with the four o'clock staring at me as my world faded to black.

## Chapter 2 by Lila



When I wake, it takes me a minute to understand. I'm not as cold as I was when I passed out but when I open my eyes, nothing around me looks familiar. Pushing myself up, I scan my surroundings. The bed I was laying on was far from comfortable, it was amazing that it didn't hurt my back more.

Groaning, my hand lifts up to hold my head while I look around. The room I was in was wooden and bare. Besides the bed, there was a small desk pressed against the wall to my right and a door on my left.

Looking down, the tipped shirt I had on had been removed and layers of white bandages were wrapped around my torso and stomach. And I'm sure the pants I have on, are nothing like the ones I had on when I was kicked out.

Then everything came back to me.

The attack, losing my wings, *her*.

My breathing picks up and my vision begins to shake. Heavy sounds fill my ears and it takes me a second to realize, it's me. The sobs were coming from me. I begin to cry again.

I swallow thickly, lifting my hand to press against my eyes to try and stop the tears but they keep streaming down my face. The sounds from me were too loud, I didn't hear the door open or the quick footsteps from the door to the bed.

I did feel the hand on my knee. Jumping, my hands flew from my eyes and quickly rubbed the tears from eyes as I try to pull away from whoever is in front of me but I can't move much due to my wounds.

Shaking, the tears finally fall enough and I can see clearly. The stranger in front of me is a male, short black hair, skin that reflects the light, and soft, warm brown eyes.

He's human but the smile

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